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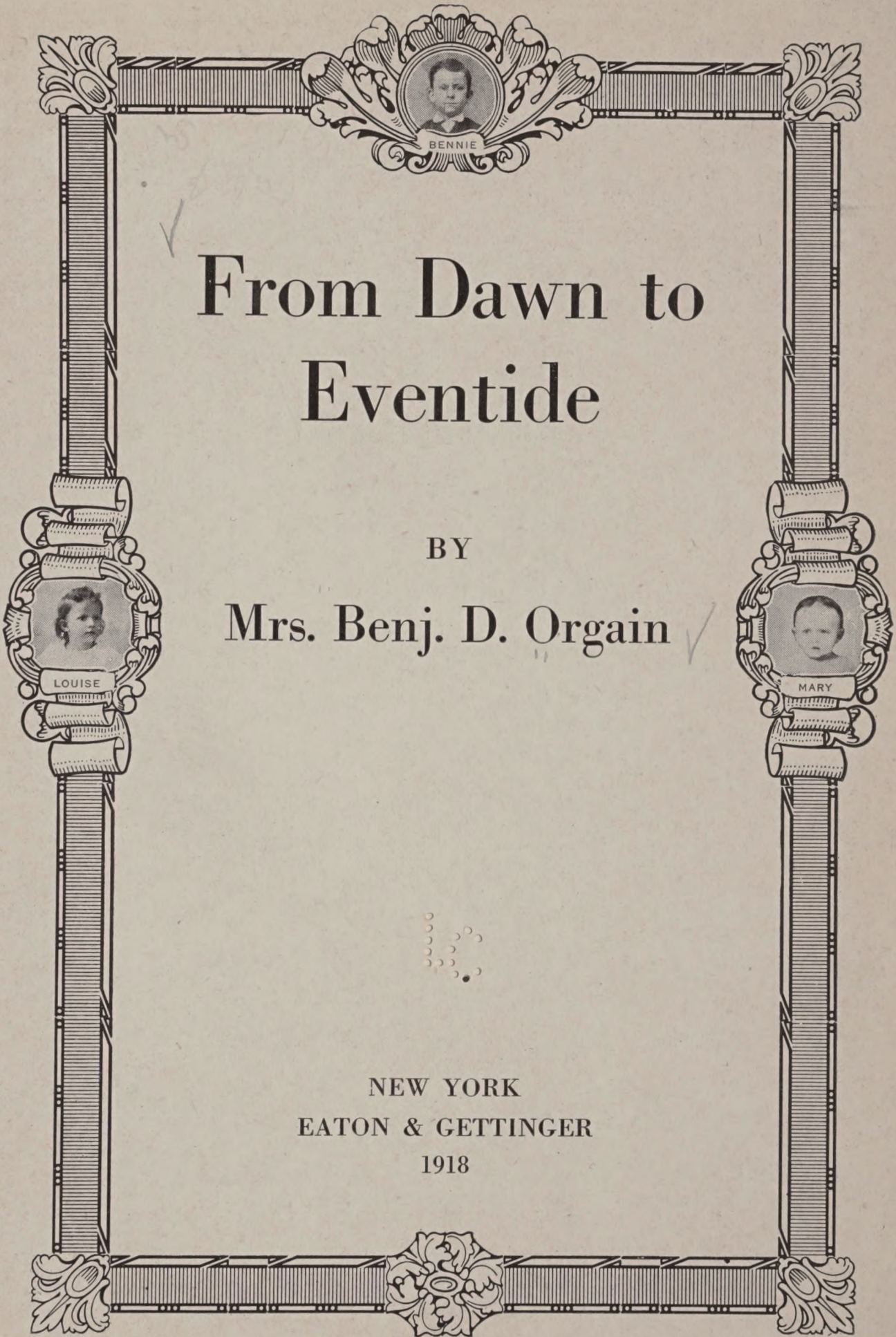
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FROM DAWN TO EVENTIDE



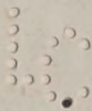
MRS. BENJ. D. ORGAIN
Aged 72 years



From Dawn to Eventide

BY

Mrs. Benj. D. Orgain

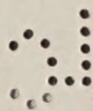


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DEDICATION

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED TO MY CHILDREN BY
THEIR LOVING MOTHER

PREFACE



OME changes have come into my life since the following pages were written that make this foreword necessary to the purpose of my little book.

On the 8th of March, 1916, my husband and I left our home for Baltimore, hoping that under the care of an eminent physician in that city, my husband's impaired health might be restored. The following June we returned to our home in Bastrop, knowing that only a temporary relief had resulted from the trip, and feeling sure the end was not far away. During the succeeding Autumn and Winter months, every effort was made to bring back health and strength to his feeble body, but in vain. On Sunday morning, February 18, 1917, with an unclouded mind and a spirit sustained by the infinite love of Christ, his pure soul went home to God. A few months later, dear little Allie May, the first of our grandchildren to leave us, followed him through the shining gates and we knew there was a glad meeting in "The Home Over There." Before a year had passed, my brother, Jno. O. Johnston, beloved of all for his happy and generous spirit, was called to his eternal rest. During the sad days that

followed, the love and sympathy of my children have driven away much of the sorrow that came into my home, and I have striven for the beauty of a cheerful spirit, a kind word, a helping hand for other sorrowing ones, knowing that we keep sunshine in our own lives by bringing it into the lives of others.

Another change has affected our home—the marriage of my widowed daughter, Mrs. Fiser, to William B. Ransome. She had lived with me for some years, but I believe the love and care of this good man will make her life more useful and happy than it has been even in my own home.

As I send this little book to the press, I can have no knowledge of other changes, that must come to me and mine, with the passing years, but we cannot drift beyond God's loving care, and knowing this, I am content.

D. J. O.

BASTROP, TEXAS.

June, 1918.

FROM DAWN TO EVENTIDE

FROM DAWN TO EVENTIDE

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

THIS quiet summer day, when the lights and shadows from earth's myriad hills, and the greenness of her majestic woods give touches of exquisite beauty to the landscape, I have, in fancy, gone back to find the flowers that bloomed about the home of my childhood. I have sat again beside the little brook as it murmured along its winding way to the open sea, and have watched the fleecy clouds chase each other across the blue sky. Again the soft turf of the starry meadow has sunk beneath the tramp of childish feet, while over the stillness I heard the faint echo of the dove's low mournful song, as she awaited the coming of her mate.

*There's a fair elusive vision that would vanish into air
Dared I even touch the silence with the whisper of a prayer;
I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy form I see
The home I loved in childhood, 'mid the hills of Tennessee.*

*Memory is the streamlet of the scene,
Which sweeps the hills of life between—
And when our waking hour is past,
Upon its shore we rest at last—
And love to view the waters fair
And see lost joys repictured there.*

While in this pleasing, reminiscent mood, I am reminded of a little task that has more than once presented itself to my mind. I have often thought that my children and grandchildren might be interested in a brief recital of some of the years of my life, the early part of which is so little known to them. If this simple narrative should seem very personal, it is only because it must be so to accomplish its object.

In this day when so much stress is laid on the genealogical tree, it is gratifying to be able to establish an unbroken family record, from the time when the Huguenots left their homes in sunny France and sought religious freedom elsewhere, down to the present year, 1916.

My mother's maternal grandfather, Peter Forney, left France in 1685, when the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and the Huguenots had to flee for their lives. He settled in Alsace, and after a few years died there. His young son, Jacob, removed from Alsace to Amsterdam and afterward came to America and settled first in Pennsylvania and later in North Carolina; his descendants were staunch Presbyterians, loyal patriots and daring soldiers in the Revolutionary War. To him I am indebted, through my mother, for my right to membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution, and from my mother's paternal ancestors, the Alexanders, I am entitled to membership in the Colonial Dames. I love most the Daughters of the Confederacy, that highly patriotic organization of Southern women, to which the loyalty of my father to

his native South, and the untarnished records of my brothers as Confederate soldiers, give me access, but I am not insensible to the honor of a well-established and worthy record from patriotic sires, to membership in those older, national societies, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames. These privileges all come to me through the exalted courage and valor of my forefathers for generations past, and it is with a worthy pride that I record today, that the Huguenot blood that flows in my veins I transmit to my children as pure and unsullied as I received it from my forefathers. It is a fact that should always be remembered in this connection, that the virtues of our ancestors can not atone for the vices of their descendants. After all they have done for those who come after them, each must stand or fall on individual worth.

CHAPTER II.

HAYWOOD HALL.

IN the early part of the Nineteenth Century, three brothers, Richard, John and Matthew Johnston, settled on adjoining plantations in the northern part of Giles County, Tennessee. A clear stream of water known as Haywood Creek flowed through one of these plantations, owned by my grandfather, and from the front porch of his modest mansion, which we called Haywood Hall, we had a fine view of the swift waters and the green hills and trees in the distance. A precipitous peak, really a small mountain, rose abruptly to a great height just above the water's edge. I often wondered what was in the forest beyond, for we never penetrated into its mysterious wilds. It always seemed to threaten us with danger, as its dark edges overhung the valley beneath. These three brothers spent their long and useful lives in these homes, to which they came in early life, bringing with them their wives, their servants, their household goods, their strong bodies and active minds, and the sterling qualities and virtues that make good citizens. They and their neighbors built churches and schools, and here their sons and daughters were brought up and trained for future usefulness.

In the home of John Johnston, the second of the

brothers, my father, James M. Johnston, was born September 5th, 1812. He was reared amid circumstances peculiarly favorable to the growth of the strong, generous, Christian character that marked his whole life. My mother, Susan M. Alexander, was the only daughter of James O. Alexander and his wife, Drusilla Abernathy. These parents died when the daughter was very young, and she was reared by her aunt, who was the wife of Matthew Johnston. In this happy family circle she grew into womanhood, loving and beloved, and when she was nineteen years of age and my father was a strong young man, they were happily married at Haywood Hall.

This home deserves more than a passing mention. It was spacious and comfortable, and generously supplied with all that was needed for the happy girls and boys of the family, who were taught to love their home and to work as well as play. In front of the house was the "big road" leading to Pulaski, the County site, where the men from various neighborhoods went on first Mondays to trade and talk politics. As they were passing they often stopped to speak with my grandfather, who usually, in fine weather, sat in an armchair on the front porch. There his light evening meal was served, and Uncle Sam, the foreman, would come there to talk with "Old Master" about the work in the fields. Often the sweet, placid face of my grandmother was beside him, for they had all things in common, and each knew the mind and heart of the other.

In the backyard were the neat cabins where the contented negroes, when the day's work was done and supper was over, sat outside the door, while Uncle Sam played the fiddle and the younger negroes danced in the moonlight. Many a time the white children looked on and wished they could dance, too, but Presbyterians in those days did not allow their children to dance, so they could only look on.

In this home, every part of which was dear to them, this father and mother grew old together, and I remember well the day when the gentle hands of the faithful wife were folded over her still and peaceful breast, and then the aged husband waited in loneliness through the weary years until he joined her again in a home where parting is not known.

During the War of 1861-65 the Federal soldiers in their destructive marches through the Southland despoiled and ruined many homes, and this one did not escape. Pathetic appeals were made to save it and preserve its valuable furnishings, especially the fine old grandfather's clock that had told the hours of births, of marriages, of deaths through so many years; but in vain—it was wantonly destroyed with many other cherished things that were a part of the history of this dear old place.



THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD
Tennessee, 1850

CHAPTER III.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

MY PARENTS began housekeeping on a farm, and to them were born six children—John, Drusilla, Matthew, Sina, Mary and James. Two of these died in infancy, one in later life, and three are living today. I was the eldest daughter and was named Drusilla for my grandmother Alexander. My birthday was July the 2d, 1843. My brother, John O., was two years older. We spent our early life in the country, except for a few years when I was just old enough to enter a little village school. I hardly think I was a regular pupil, but went with my older brother sometimes, as children were allowed to do in those days, and while I learned few lessons, I remember well the kind teacher and the play hour with the happy girls and boys.

My brother John and I used to have great fun slipping away from our home and playing behind the counters in our Uncle R. M.'s big brick store nearby, where our father sometimes assisted in selling dry goods and groceries to the villagers and the people who came in from the country. The boxes of cut loaf sugar, the jars of striped peppermint candy, the sacks of marbles of all sizes and colors, the shining tinware, and the pretty flowered china were wonderfully pleasing to our young fancy,

and that store was a veritable palace of beauty to our simple tastes.

About this time a dear little sister, the youngest of us all, was taken from us. We saw her asleep on her little white bed, with folded hands so still and pale, and then she was laid away, we knew not where; this loss drew our parents nearer to each other and linked them more closely with God and the angels. After a few years in this little town, Lynnvile, my father purchased a farm some miles distant, and took us to a new home. We were delighted with the change. The large, airy rooms, the big fireplaces, the shady beech trees, the rock-bottom springhouse with the great stream of pure water flowing through it, the apple orchard, the big woods lot, the green meadows, all made our hearts glad.

We found wonderful things in this beautiful home. Not far away were the steep hills, covered with oak, poplar and chestnut trees, those great monarchs of the forest, whose green tops seemed to reach up to the blue heavens, while away to the South lay the rich valley with its cotton, its corn, its golden fields of wheat,—and still further away were the dark mysterious woods, full of singing birds, shy squirrels and many strange things that we had never seen.

There was a beautiful garden, with old-fashioned flowers, fragrant lilies, crimson peonies and dahlias, pinks and honeysuckles that I remember my mother dearly loved. In the backyard, we climbed the cherry trees and

peeped into the redbird's nests, and there were many things that filled our childish hearts with delight. Even the rainy days were welcome. I used to spend many of them with my father in the farm shop. This was a large house in one corner of the woods lot, made of logs, and fitted up with a furnace and tools for repairing the farming implements. This work was done on rainy days. One man would work the bellows, another hold the iron in the fire, where it was beaten into the desired shape, while the numberless bright sparks chased each other like children at play. My brother and I would gather the long, clean shavings and watch the anvil and try to count and catch the sparks as they flew upward, and disappeared, just as we have many times since seen bright and beautiful things that we tried to keep fly away beyond our reach and pass out of sight forever. We had leisure to hunt the speckled turkey eggs and watch the ducks sail on the spring branch, and we made royal play-houses under the wide spreading beech trees.

I have always been glad that I lived these years in the country, and learned to know and love the high hills, the sunny valleys, the song of the birds and the hum of the bees, the wild flowers and the music of the murmuring streams, the whisper of the gentle breeze, the mighty voice of the storm, and the rush of the mountain torrent, as it found its way through narrow ledges to the open river. All these things are familiar and dear to the country child, and bring him closer to Nature and to God.

CHAPTER IV.

HOPEWELL CHURCH.

THESE were bright, happy years, and the memory of them to-day stirs my heart and brings my joyous childhood back again. The advent of a new little sister had brought great joy into our home circle, and our happiness seemed now complete.

Every day around the family altar God's Word was read, and our voices were raised in song and prayer. On Sundays we went regularly to the service of the Hopewell Presbyterian Church, eight miles distant.

While I was very small I was often left at the home of my great-aunt, Rebecca Jones, who lived nearer the Church, and "Mammy Ibby" took care of me and her own little child "Marfy," while my mother attended service. For years my father and my grandfather were ruling Elders in this church, for which we had a peculiar veneration. There are few memories more dear to me than those of this old Temple of Worship. In it my father and mother had in early life consecrated themselves to God, and at its sacred altar they had dedicated their children to Him in holy baptism. There I heard year after year the "old, old story," and there, as around the fireside of my own home, I was taught to know and love God as my Father and Heaven as my Home. By its session of ruling elders I was admitted to its membership, and there was in the hearts of the worshippers in this old country church

a deep feeling of reverence for the very ground upon which it stood. It was one of the hills unto which they "lifted up their eyes to the Lord from whom came their help, the Lord God, who made Heaven and earth." Every surrounding, the deep, dense woodland, the smiling fields, the grassy slopes, the streams that sung along their rocky beds, the wild vines clinging to the overhanging limbs of the forest,—all were constant reminders of God's power and presence in the great, beautiful world that He made for our use and enjoyment.

All through the years, on Sunday mornings, the country people of the surrounding neighborhoods and plantations gathered here; the grassy lanes between the farms, and the well trodden paths through the woods were thronged with church-goers. Some walking from near-by homes, others riding horseback or driving in buggies, barouches and the old-time carriages, with the negro drivers and maids riding outside. Old and young, rich and poor came to worship the same God. The grand old hymns rung out with no uncertain tones in immortal words of faith and triumph that have, through the ages, strengthened and comforted God's people. Earnest prayers arose from pious souls, and a long sermon was devoutly listened to by the congregation. I often went to sleep under its soothing effect, for after a ride in the fresh morning air, sleep came easily to young and tired eyes, but I loved to be there, although I could not understand all the sermon. I learned the hymns and used to sing them with the con-

gregation with great delight, and I absorbed much of the religious atmosphere of the place and a love for God's house that has been a help and comfort to me all my life.

In the afternoon the church was filled with the negro servants, and the minister who read and expounded the Scriptures to the masters in the forenoon, brought the same gospel to the simple hearts of these humble people, who heard it gladly, and as they were naturally an emotional race, their shouts of praise often rung through the house, until the preacher's voice could scarcely be heard. They were a religious people, loved to sing and pray, and many of them, I am sure, have long ago greeted "old Master and Mistress" with great joy in a better world than this.

When Autumn came and the early frost crimsoned the forest leaves and painted the landscape with hues richer and more beautiful than the artist's brush or the poet's fancy could depict, then a wonderful gathering might be seen at the old church—the annual camp meeting. For days beforehand men were busy clearing the ground and repairing the camps. Leaky roofs were mended, fresh, clean, fragrant hay and straw were spread in the rooms and under the large shed for public services. Then the families were moved in—men, women, children and servants,—cooks and maids. Open house was kept for a week or ten days, during which time the revival services of the church were conducted with great earnestness and zeal in the large pavilion, called then, a shed. I do not believe

the younger people of this generation can have a correct idea of the old-time camp-meeting. There is nothing in this day like it. Every camp fronted toward the church; benches were arranged along the walls of the broad halls, on each side of which were large bedrooms, one for men, one for women, and in the rear was the commodious family apartment and the long dining shed. In the back yard were the servants' quarters, and "Cook-Ma" was in her glory when she could feed more folks than her next door neighbor, "Mammy Ibby." At the bugle call for early morning prayer, men, women and children came quietly and reverently from all directions and mingled their voices in a song of praise and fervent petitions for God's blessing on the assembly and His Guidance for the day. Large congregations attended these solemn services, where penitential tears were shed and God's forgiven children gave expression to the peace and love that filled their souls, sometimes by glad tears of silent joy, sometimes by happy shouts of praise. Sunday was a great day,—great throngs of worshippers, a great sermon, morning, afternoon and night, great volumes of song and prayer and a great dinner for everybody. This dinner was cooked on Saturday and served cold on Sunday with hot coffee for the older people.

Eternity alone will reveal the gracious results of these old-fashioned camp meetings, where our fathers and our grandfathers with their families went up to God's temple to worship and bear testimony to His redeeming grace.

CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST SORROW.

MY mother's death was my first great sorrow. It was a fair day in April,—without was the sunshine, the flowers, the song of birds, but within were falling tears, sobbing children and breaking hearts. As I now recall that day, more than three score years ago, I feel again the desolation that filled my heart, when I saw the smiling face that had been the light of our home hidden beneath the green sod of the old Hopewell cemetery. A burial—an open grave—was something so strange and sorrowful that my childish mind could not comprehend it, but I knew something terrible in its mystery and agony was taking place, when a strong, quiet man, like my father, sobbed with grief as he turned away from the new-made grave and went back to his desolate home.

Our household had been a very happy one—simple living, good cheer and love abounding. How changed it was from that day! We wandered about the empty rooms with a feeling of indescribable loneliness known only to the motherless child. The tiny infant left so helpless, was tenderly nursed by relatives, but after a few months God took it to Himself, and as my tears fell on the little coffin, young as I was, I felt glad that the dear baby was safe in Heaven with mother.

I have never known a better man than my father. Although he was happily married again some years after my mother's death, he was through his long life of more than four-score years devoted to the memory of his first love. He has told me that he loved my mother the first time he saw her, when she came a little dark-eyed, motherless child to his uncle's home. She was a gentle, pretty girl, and with the chivalric spirit of a manly boy, he was from that first day her self-constituted friend, and if need be, champion. During the years that followed, not only before but after their marriage, his was the tender heart that was fond and true to the last. I wish I could today pay him the tribute he so well deserves, but there are no words to tell how patient, how kind, how gentle and self-denying he was. He tried, after our mother's death, with the help of a faithful old servant, to keep us together as much as possible.

I can never forget our nearest neighbors—the Perrys, who were at this time so kind and sympathetic. They lived in a peculiarly constructed, big log house, its many rooms filled with old-fashioned things. It had small windows and immense fireplaces. In the great kitchen was a very broad hearth, on which they prepared their meals. No stove, no servants,—they did everything themselves in a very primitive way. They spun, they wove, and made their own clothes. They had pigs and geese, cows and horses, chickens and turkeys, bees, orchards, gardens and everything good to eat from

cider and ginger cakes to roast turkey and mince pie. They were very clean, simple, old-fashioned folks, and knew only to be good and just and honest. They worshipped God in their own way and followed the golden rule. They loved my father and mother, and always had a tender word and outstretched hand for the motherless children. My father was necessarily absent much of the day, and I often spent hours in the home of these good people, but I was usually left in the kind, but untutored care of a good, old black mammy, who did the best she could for "Marse Jimmy's Chillun."

In all the pages of history or literature has there been any other character like that of the faithful old "Black Mammy" so familiar to all Southern homes? Where is the Southern child who has not been rocked to sleep in her strong loving arms, listening to her sweet lullaby? She was not thought of as a slave, hardly as a servant, she was simply "dear old Black Mammy." She has no counterpart in the past, no parallel in the present, and to future generations she will be a myth, a mysterious, impossible something, beyond belief. She was more aristocratic than her mistress, and was the self-appointed guardian of the dignity, the honor and the pride of her "white folks." She was a great believer in "quality," and had no respect for "Po' Folks, who didn't have no niggers to wait on 'em." Peace to her memory! We shall never see her like again.



“ME AND MAMMY”

*Hush-a-bye, my baby! Mammy's little chile!
You's shorely gwine to sleep in a mighty little while,
The bees has quit a buzzin' and the birds is in der nest,
So cuddle down your little head upon your Mammy's breast.*

*When de stars dey is a winkin' and a blinkin' in de sky,
An a peepin' at dis chile from dey home way up on high,
It's sleepin' time, chillun, so come and take your rest,
And cuddle down your little head upon your Mammy's breast.*

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL DAYS.

WHEN I was thirteen years of age, I entered a select school in Pulaski, taught by Mrs. Nathan Adams, a most cultured, gracious and elegant woman. My father never did a better thing for me than to send me to this school. Until this time my life had been that of the usual country child, playing with my brothers, enjoying without restraint the pleasures of childhood, mingling with the honest, unassuming people of the ordinary country neighborhood.

My brother and I had the benefit of one term in a country school taught by Mr. Paschal, a noted teacher of the three R's, who punished all the boys, big and little, by standing them in the corner with their faces to the wall, and cracking them over the head with a stick, and terrified the girls by rushing savagely at them with furious gestures and retreating without saying a word. We had ridden horseback three miles day after day to the little town of Lynnville, that we might have the benefit of Prof. Marcus' teaching, and I had even boarded in the village and attended the girls' school taught by Misses Lucy Bugg and Amelia Beal. My cousins, who lived very near us, and my brothers and I were for a while under the tutelage of a Yankee governess, Miss Forbes, a nice clever lady of uncertain age, but as our fathers were

both widowers, we girls were afraid Miss Forbes might have designs upon their affections, so we did not offer inducements for her to remain long.

My advantages had been limited, and the change from our quiet, secluded home to the busy stirring atmosphere of the town, with its various phases of active life, the orderly school room with all its incentives to study, a new world of books and music and art, with doors wide open to the aspiring student—all these fascinating things opened to my imagination a vista of wonderful possibilities that I believed were within my grasp. I soon realized what it meant to be associated with a wise, sympathetic teacher, a tender-hearted woman, who understood my needs, and in the most effective manner led me into a higher and better way of thinking and living. Four years I was a busy student in this school, admitted to familiar intercourse with the home life of my teacher, who was my friend and my ideal of womanly grace and culture.

It was my great privilege to take up at this time the study of music. We had always loved music in our home; our mother had a sweet voice, our father sang well, and we always closed the day with song and prayer. We were familiar with much sacred music and many household melodies, and I looked forward to the time when I should begin the real study of that divine art that has so blessed and comforted the world. I had heard with delight in my woodland home the unspeakable music of the bird-song and the forest melodies that had thrilled other hearts

through all the centuries past. I had listened to the drowsy murmur of dreamy winds at twilight, and the clear sweet notes that came at dawn, as "Aurora touched the great harp of Nature with her rosy fingers."

These were the voices of the Morning and Night, the unwritten melodies of nature that find their way to the heart of the happy country child, and fill it with an inexpressible sense of the mystery and the beauty of the great wide world about us. These were the voices that sing

*The grace of the bending grasses,
The flush of the dawn-lit sky,
The scent that lingers and passes,
When the loitering winds go by.*

I welcomed the hour when, under the guidance of a teacher, I might become familiar with the wonderful harmonies hidden in the works of the great Masters of Music. I believe there is in every soul a silent note awaiting the magic touch that shall cause it to vibrate in sympathy with what is highest and holiest in our natures, and the sooner that silent chord is touched, the greater the response it gives.

I was much favored by being closely associated with a gifted woman, who was an accomplished pianist and a thorough musician. She was my personal friend and took great interest in my musical studies. Her interpretation of the classics was an inspiration to me. She played often for me, and much with me, and sang

the difficult and beautiful arias of the Operas with great taste and feeling. She had wonderful technic, a sweet, clear, sympathetic touch, and never tired of her favorite instrument, the piano. It was almost a living thing under her touch, and the admiring girls would exclaim, "Oh, Mrs. Griffith, I wish I could play like you." She would reply, "If you would play as I do, you must practice as I do." And there we learned the secret of success,—work, work, work,—a fine lesson for the young.

During this formative period of my life, my father was fortunate in selecting for me a school home, and I can never fully appreciate the tender, motherly care shown me by Mrs. Nitia Gordon White, in whose home I was for so long a time. Her rich experience, her sympathy with all the problems of a school girl's life, her firm but kind discipline made daily intercourse with her a blessing. She and her husband, Dr. T. C. White, a beloved physician, were solicitous for the physical and moral welfare of all about them. The congenial company of girls gathered daily at their table, the cheerful conversation, the early morning walks in the beautiful garden, the afternoon strolls, the musical evenings, the strange, wonderful, blessed influence of the twilight hour with "Cousin Nitia,"—the memory of all these things is inexpressibly dear to me, as I sit amid the lengthening shadows of life's sunset, and see again the radiance of its early day. If my life has been useful, or helpful, to the little world in which I move, I owe it most to my father, my teacher and this ideal friend.

CHAPTER VII.

BETHANY HIGH SCHOOL.

IN June, 1860, I said good-bye to my happy school-days, and the following September accepted a position as teacher in the primary department of the Bethany High School. I took with me into this school my sister Mary, a child much younger than myself. We were motherless and I always had more than a sister's love and solicitude for her. My younger brother, Matthew, also was a student of this school, which was under the direction of Rev. John O. Sullivan, a Presbyterian minister, and was admirably suited to the needs of the excellent community in which it was located. It was a fine, country neighborhood, remarkable for its culture and intelligence. From its homes have gone out men who were an honor to the community and state. Neill S. Brown and his brother, John C. Brown, both governors of their native state, were born and reared in this vicinity. The names of Caldwell, McCallum, Ordway, King, Wilson, Stevenson and others are held in grateful remembrance for their influence in church and state. The commodious school building stood on the slope of a green hill, with the free air and sunshine on every side. In the third story there was a bright cosy roof-room, whose windows afforded a fine view of the

magnificent forest and the pretty country church, with its white walls shining amid the green foliage. At early dawn or sunrise, this was a scene of exquisite beauty to a lover of nature. Familiarity with the woods makes us often forgetful of their splendor, and few of us appreciate the wonderful combination of strength and symmetry in our American forests. The tall poplar, the graceful elm, the clean grey-coated beech, the majestic oak, the dogwood with its glory of white bloom, and hundreds of other fine trees cast their long, soft shadows across the bright sunshine and made a picture which neither pen nor brush can aptly describe.

I often sat by my window, looked out upon the beautiful world and heard from the church nearby the songs of praise floating upon the air, and I felt that heaven was not far away. This room, high and airy, my sister and I shared with the music teacher and her adopted charge, a sweet, motherless child. When night came Miss Hattie and I tucked our two little girls, Mary and Annie, snugly side by side in their trundle bed and then spent the evening with our books and music. A piano was our only luxury, unless I mention the bright wood fire, that cheered and warmed our cosy apartment, and the easy chairs that added to our comfort. During the day we were very busy, often anxious, sometimes disappointed in our hopes and plans, but when the day was done we found in this sweet homelike place, rest and peace.

A few years ago, after nearly half a century of change,

I visited this place with my young daughter, Dru, to show her the spot where I had spent a part of my early life. Did I find it the same? Yes and no. The trees were there, but more majestic, the church was there, but showed the defacing touch of time, the sunny room was there, but bare and empty. The kind face of the music teacher was long since shut out from earthly sight and sound. The busy hands and restless feet of the dear little girls were forever still, and I alone was left; left, not desolate, not sorrowing, not hopeless, but bearing into the years that were silvering my hair and dimming my eyes, a heart full of thankfulness for the happy past and full of hope for the rest of my journey. A few friends of the long ago were still there—old and grey. I thought of the intervening years, the later school days of my little sister, her graduation as valedictorian of her class, her return home as a young lady, her early happy marriage, her useful, Christian life and her peaceful entering into rest when her work was done, and my heart whispered "God bless her; she rests in Heaven." I thought of my beloved father, who in his old age had gently fallen asleep and gone to his reward. Standing in the midst of these dear memories, the cruel war that had so desolated our country, seemed almost a terrible dream, but the changed conditions in this once prosperous community told a sorrowful story and brought me again face to face with the real present.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOYS IN GREY.

THE period between 1860 and 1865 was an era in the history of our country marked with bloodshed and embittered by poverty, loss and sorrow. The flower and chivalry of the South responded readily to the call to arms for the defense of Constitutional rights, and braver men never drew the sword than those who wore the grey. At the end of four long trying years they saw their hopes lie dead. They furled the Stars and Bars, they laid away in memory's dearest niche the remembrance of the Southern Cross which they had followed on many a battlefield. Yet they won a great moral victory whose lustre will never grow dim. They left a heritage of glory—these men who were to us

*The knightliest of a knightly race,
Who since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.*

No true Southerner can look upon their record, stained as it is with blood and tears, but never with dishonor, without feeling his heart throb with pride as he realizes what the Southern soldiers wrought in heroism and valor for their country, during the brief, but glorious existence



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT
Bastrop, Texas

of the Southern Confederacy. My brothers were soldiers, the older one, John O., with Walker's Texas Cavalry, the younger one, Matthew, with the gallant Forrest. They survived the days of field and camp, and are today good citizens of Texas, their homes in Austin City. My father suffered many losses and persecutions during the War, as our home was so often in the enemy's lines with the shifting of the armies in the Border States.

Several years after the death of my mother, my father had married Mrs. Mary Shields Thompson, an excellent lady, who was a faithful and helpful companion during the troublesome war times, and until her death years afterward. One child, Anna Lou, was born of this union, who grew into lovely womanhood, and after a few months of happy wedded life passed away, her brief existence ended like a dream.

The South was many years recovering from the disastrous effects of the War. Her homes were desolated and her cities burned during the progress of Sherman's March to the Sea. Her fields were laid bare, her churches leveled to the ground, and every conceivable method of destruction was hurled upon her suffering people. Everything seemed changed. The old plantations no longer resounded, as they once did, with the quaint responsive song of the negroes, as they left the fields for their quiet homes when the day's work was done. The bench by the "Old Cabin Door" was deserted, and the young folks no longer danced in the moonlight to the music of the old

banjo. The simple, peaceful life on the old plantation was gone forever. The hoary head of the good old negro finds a soft pillow near the spot where rests the worn and weary form of the kind master.

No future, however bright, no conditions, however fortunate, can ever boast of a love like this—the warm, sympathetic feeling that bound together in lasting affection, the old Southern master and his kind-hearted, dependent negroes.

CHAPTER IX.

A LONG JOURNEY.

AFTER the suspension of the Bethany High School because of the War, I went further South and remained in Mississippi teaching for some months, and then returned to Tennessee and taught at Beech Bluff near my old home. The War was not over, there was firing still along the line, and the soldiers were daily marching by our homes. The heavy cannonading at Franklin, not far away, fell like lead upon our hearts, for we knew that many a brave man would die upon that bloody field. When the firing had ceased, and the smoke of battle had cleared away, the gallant soldier and Christian gentleman, General John Adams, our own beloved townsman, lay dead upon the field. Like Stonewall Jackson, he was a man of prayer and held communion daily with his Maker. The fiery missile that made his wife a widow, doubtless sent his spirit to its eternal rest in heaven.

We were in the midst of stirring and exciting scenes. We were anxious and uneasy daily and hourly for our fathers, brothers and friends who were loyally following the Stars and Bars under Lee and Jackson and Forrest and Brown and other brave Southern leaders. The women were knitting socks and gloves, weaving cloth and making suits, putting a prayer in every stitch, and watching for an

opportunity to send out the clothes by Confederate Scouts, who frequently ventured within the Federal lines, sometimes, after thrilling and dangerous adventures, barely escaping capture, losing both horses and goods to save themselves. Among these brave and daring Scouts was Sam Davis, the young hero of Tennessee, whose name is written in letters of gold on the Scroll of Fame. I remember well how all our hearts were filled with sadness on that day, when, rather than betray a friend, he chose to die. "Tell us who gave you the papers we found on your person," said General Dodge, the Federal commander, "and you are a free man." "Had I ten thousand lives, I would give them all, before I would betray my friend," replied young Davis, as he ascended the scaffold to his death. Then General Dodge said sadly, "You are a noble boy, and I hate to see you die, but the rules of war are inexorable." Both friend and foe lamented the cruel fate of this brave young soldier.

After four years peace was declared, but the days following, known as the "reconstruction period," were so terrible in the South, that only those who experienced their unparalleled cruelty and injustice, can realize the dangers that constantly threatened the women and children of the Southern States. It was during this "reign of terror," when Southern men could not longer submit to the indignities of the carpet-bagger and his negro comrades, or openly protect their homes from their presence, that a few determined and fearless men resolved to band them-

selves together for the protection of their women and children. On the night of December 24, 1865, six young men of Pulaski—Calvin Jones, John C. Lester, John B. Kennedy, Frank O. McCord, R. R. Reed and James R. Crowe—young business men belonging to the best families, all ex-Confederate soldiers, met at the law office of Judge Thos. M. Jones, an ex-Confederate Congressman, and organized that wonderful secret organization, so widely known as the Ku Klux Klan. I knew these young men well; they were frequent visitors in “our circle,” popular and highly respected, and as we talked of the doings of the “Klan,” we did not know they would be famous as its founders. A tablet is now being placed in Judge Jones’ office by the Daughters of the Confederacy, inscribing thereon these names and the date of the organization. When law and order were restored, General Forrest, who was Commander-in-Chief of the “Klan,” ordered its discontinuance, and the real Ku Klux Klan was dissolved. Many reckless and cruel acts were perpetrated afterwards in the name of the Klan, for which it was in no manner responsible.

The years I spent at Beech Bluff were among the pleasant ones of my life; I had kind and generous patrons, intelligent pupils, plenty of leisure for self culture, good health and lucrative as well as congenial work. The spirit of the people was not broken. As the country resumed its peaceful occupations, efforts were made to rebuild the churches, open the schools, cultivate the fields and enjoy

life again. I was a young teacher, hopeful and enthusiastic, and very much in love with life and my work, but I wondered if there were not golden opportunities beyond. I longed to see more of the world, and get a broader and fuller knowledge of the responsible place I believed the teacher should fill.

Many years before this, my uncle, Mr. R. M. Johnston, whom I loved next to my father, had gone to Texas and settled in Austin. He was a good citizen, a prosperous merchant, and often cordially invited me to his home. My older brother, John O., had gone to the Lone Star State, had enlisted there and returned at the close of the War to make Austin City his home, and now my younger brother wished to try his fortune in that distant State. This seemed the very opportunity I desired, to see something of other lands and peoples, so after very brief preparations, my brother and I left our home in December, 1867, undertaking what was to us a long journey.

We stopped at Memphis and New Orleans, and had at the last named city our first sight of the Mexican Gulf, as we took passage there on a Morgan steamship for the Port of Galveston. This city was just recovering from the dreadful scourge of yellow fever and we spent very little time there, passing on to Houston and Austin. The treeless plains, the sluggish streams, slowly threading their way between narrow banks, the herds of cattle roaming at will the broad prairies, were new and strange sights to our untraveled eyes.

At that time, nearly fifty years ago, few people imagined the greatness to which this Empire State would attain in half a century. Her vast plains were then covered with thousands of wild horses and cattle and many bands of roving Indians; now these broad acres are planted in cotton, corn and wheat, and dotted from the Red River to the Gulf of Mexico with beautiful cities and prosperous towns. Great railway systems make rapid transit possible through all points of her vast domain. Immense quantities of oil and gas, of coal and other hidden resources, add to her wealth and increase her importance as a great State. What her future will be we know not, but with her excellent citizenship, with peace and prosperity within her borders, she must be a blessing to the world. We, at this early day, went by rail to Brenham, then the terminus of the Central Railway, and from that city to Austin we traveled in an old-fashioned stage-coach. I very much enjoyed that ride in an old lumbering coach through a sparsely settled, strange country. There were as many passengers as could be comfortably seated inside, and only two ladies, who were treated with great deference by the gentlemen. The hours passed in cheerful conversation, interspersed with exclamations of delight at seeing the stately pines, with their shapely trunks reaching upward many, many feet, their odd looking cones growing thick on the branches, and the fragrant needles covering the earth beneath like a rich brown carpet. A lunch at noon, a change of horses, and the merry travelers were on their way again.

The close of the first day brought us to a pretty little town, picturesquely located on the east bank of the Colorado River. Weary from our ride, we alighted at a large two-story inn, with broad galleries encircling it, and were met by a kind and cordial old gentleman, the worthy host of the famous Nicholson House, and were invited into the neat parlor. The view from these galleries was lovely. On the west was the Colorado, winding like a dark thread between the willows that grew along its banks,—the tall hills on the north and east stood like mighty sentinels guarding the entrance to the broad, fertile valley on the south, and the town itself rested like an opal gem amid its beautiful surroundings. When we entered the dining hall we found another reason why this hotel was such a favorite with all travelers, for the neat table, the well-cooked turkey, the hot bread, the steaming potatoes, the sauces, the preserves and pies and other good things made us forget the fatigue and inconvenience of the day's journey, and feel that we were in a land where the art of cooking, in the good old Southern style, had not been lost. The most anxious host could not desire more real evidence of the excellence of his menu than was furnished by the tired and hungry guests who ate heartily of this good dinner.

The twilight had deepened and a few stars were shining overhead when we were reseated in the coach and drove down to the ferry and said good-bye to the fair little town of Bastrop. I did not dream,

as I looked back from the steep river banks to catch a parting glimpse of its beauty, that in the future this place would be my home, the spot of all the world most dear to me. The night air was cool as we proceeded on our journey, and we drew our wraps closely about us and soon fell into a quiet, drowsy calm, and the remainder of our trip was without incident. The morning found us in the State capital, Austin, the beautiful city of hills. Mount Bonnell, with all its romantic traditions, rose majestically on the north, while the bold waters of the Colorado encircled its base.

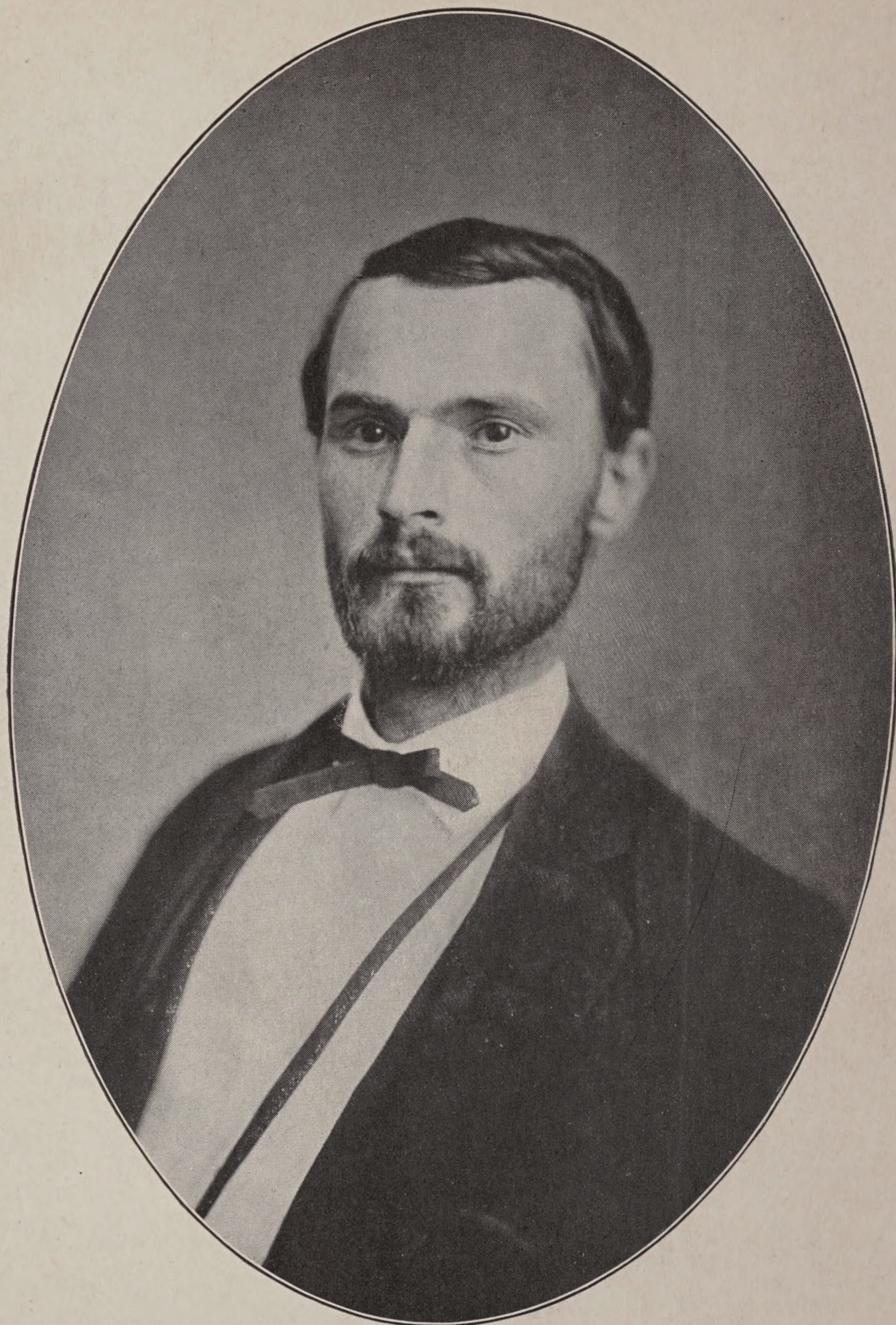
The pretty little city could not boast then of the handsome homes, beautiful streets, imposing public buildings, splendid University and elegant churches and school buildings that are its pride and glory today, but its good people were busy laying the foundation for its future prosperity. We found a cordial welcome awaiting us from my uncle and my brother, John O., who was just happily married to a lovely Texas girl, and they made my visit to them full of pleasure and interest. I have often thought this journey must have been the leading of Providence, as it resulted in the making of my home in Texas.

CHAPTER X.

AN ERA IN MY LIFE.

IN January, 1869, I accepted a position as assistant teacher in the Colorado Institute, a flourishing and popular school in Bastrop. This town was well known as an educational centre. Long years before the war, the Hancock School and the Old Allen Academy, and after the war the Military Institute drew young men from every part of the state into their classic halls and sent them out to fill the highest positions within the gift of the people. Its residents were superior in culture and refinement to the usual small town of any state. Mrs. S. J. Orgain, the principal of the school in which I was to teach, was an experienced and successful educator, and my association with her was in all respects pleasant and harmonious. Hundreds among the best educated and prominent people of the state owe much to her superior teaching. The days fled swiftly by. My work was full of interest. I have never been associated with more attractive pupils, and I formed many ties among them that have grown stronger with the passing years and are golden links in a chain of friendship that shall last throughout the ages.

I had been in Bastrop only a short time when I met Captain Benj. D. Orgain, a young and promising lawyer of the town, who was thoroughly identified with



CAPT. BENJ. D. ORGAIN
Aged 30 years

its interests, and who, as I soon discovered, was to fill a large place in my future life. I was now far away from home and friends, pursuing my daily round of duties and spending the passing days and weeks in the midst of new faces and unfamiliar scenes. It is not strange that I was susceptible to the courtesy, the kindness, that characterized the bearing and attention of gentle and thoughtful people toward strangers. As the days passed by, the friendly interest that from our first meeting had existed between this young stranger and myself, ripened into a warmer feeling, and before many months had gone, we found that each was necessary to the happiness of the other. The world had always been beautiful, but now there was a new fragrance in the flowers, a new freshness in the air, a new warmth and sympathy in human friendship, and as we went about our daily duties, things that heretofore seemed only ordinary were filled with new significance and interest. We looked upon a new face—a face, of which all the joy and beauty of the world, is only a symbol, a prophecy—the face of Love. Our experience of the world was very limited, but we had confidence in ourselves and faith in God, and the future looked bright with hope and joy. There were many things to be thought of and talked over before we could consummate an engagement that we believed was the result of sincere respect as well as love for each other.

Captain Orgain was the son of Reverend Sterling Orgain, a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

South, who in early life left his home in Petersburg, Va., and went to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he met and married Mary Jones, the daughter of Reverend Edmund Jones. Mary Jones had been reared in a home of wealth and culture and had many friends in this little city; one of the most intimate and beloved was Miss Childress, who married James K. Polk, afterward President of the United States. Mary Jones was bridesmaid at this wedding, and neither of these young girls at that time suspected what the future would be to them. One was to be the happy and devoted wife of a Minister of the Gospel, and the mother of a large family of sons and daughters, and the other the honored and beautiful Mistress of the White House at Washington, beloved for her many graces of mind and body. Both of these lovely women lived to a good old age, and though widely separated in later life, the friendship of their early years was a cherished memory to them.

Benj. Darby was the youngest child of his parents. In his youth while out hunting with some of the negro boys, who in those days were favorite companions of their young masters in hunting and fishing, he had the misfortune to lose his left arm by an accidental shot. This circumstance perhaps influenced his choice of a profession, and he had spent the most of the years since that time in school. After leaving college he studied law, and was now just admitted to the Bar, entering upon what we both believed would be a successful career.

Looking into the future from a very practical as well as sentimental point of view, we decided to share our joys and sorrows the rest of life's journey, be it long or short. On Tuesday evening, December 27, 1870, at the residence of my uncle, Mr. R. M. Johnston, in Austin, in the presence of a few friends, we were married by Rev. Dr. Porter, pastor of the Southern Presbyterian Church. We came the next day to Bastrop, and after the usual wedding festivities during the holidays, we each with the New Year resumed our work, Capt. Orgain at his law office, and I in the school-room, and Bastrop has been our home ever since.



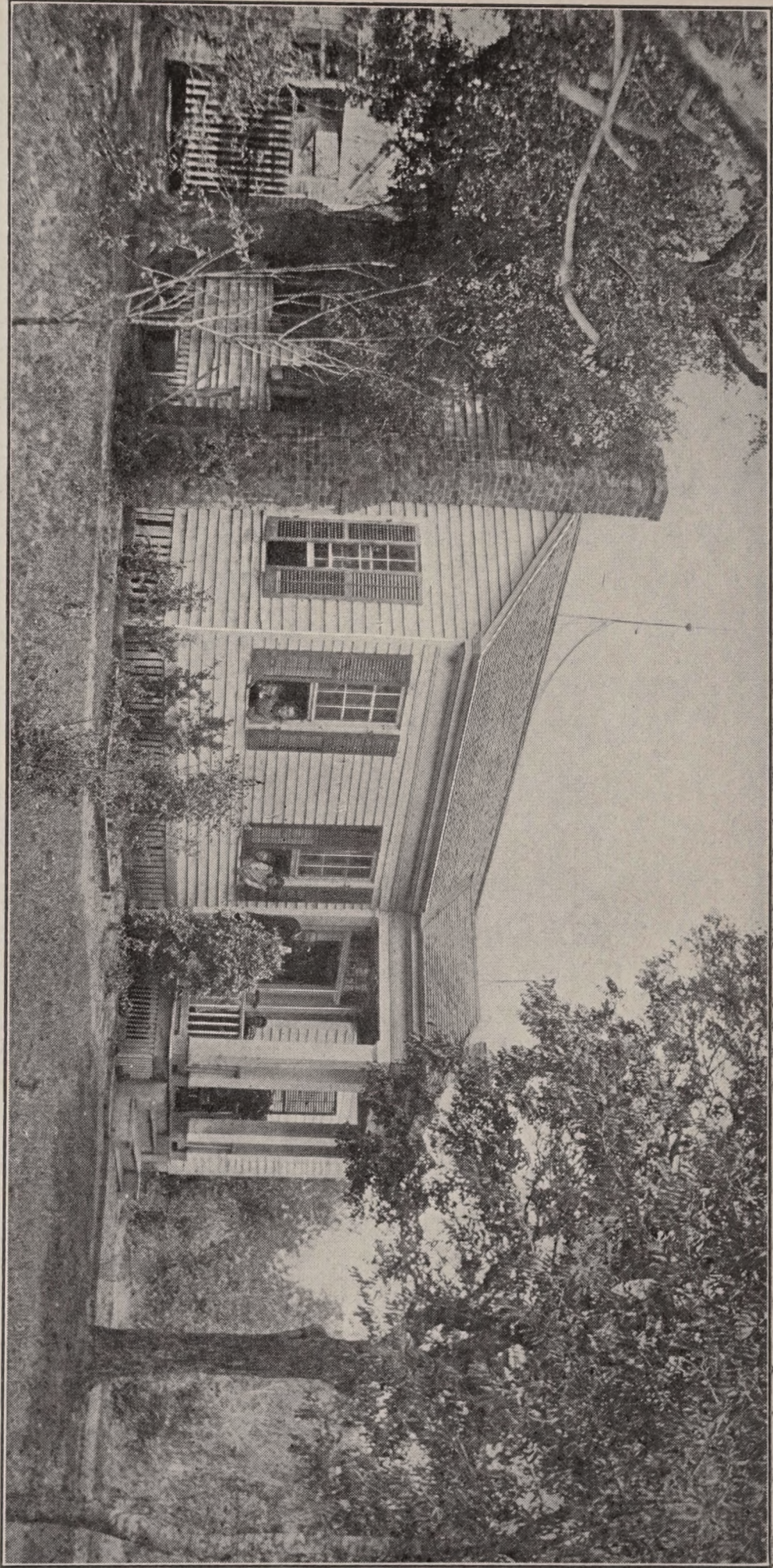
MRS. BENJ. D. ORGAIN
Before her marriage

CHAPTER XI.

OUR HOME.

A YEAR after our marriage I gave up teaching and we moved into our own home. We believed that when God ordained the marriage relation He set His seal upon the home, and we wanted one of our own for the dear little child whose advent was to bring us such inexpressible joy. For more than one blessed year this lovely baby was the light of the home, then God recalled His precious gift and left us to learn a lesson that comes to all sooner or later—that the things we love best are often the treasures He needs most.

It seemed to us there was never a sorrow like this,—to give back to mother Earth the beautiful form of our dear child, to put away the cradle and the high chair, and to see Frances, the little negro nurse, hide away the baby's buggy, saying softly, "No, kitty cat, you can't ride in the buggy no more; baby's gone, gone to heaben." Oh, healing balm for aching hearts,—
"Gone to Heaven." As the years passed and other little voices made music in our home, we learned to think of little Mary as just gone to heaven, and we were satisfied. Today, as I write these words, and think of the years that have come and gone since "The bright shining locks were put away, out of reach, beyond touch, in the clay," I can



OUR FIRST HOME
Bastrop, Texas, 1882

say from my heart, "God has been good to us, and His hand has led us all along our way." Of the eight dear children He gave us, He has, in tender love and for a wise purpose, recalled three to Himself. First little Mary, then Benny, our first-born son, a fine promising boy of thirteen, and later dear Louise, our youngest daughter, whose brief life of seven happy years is such a sweet memory.

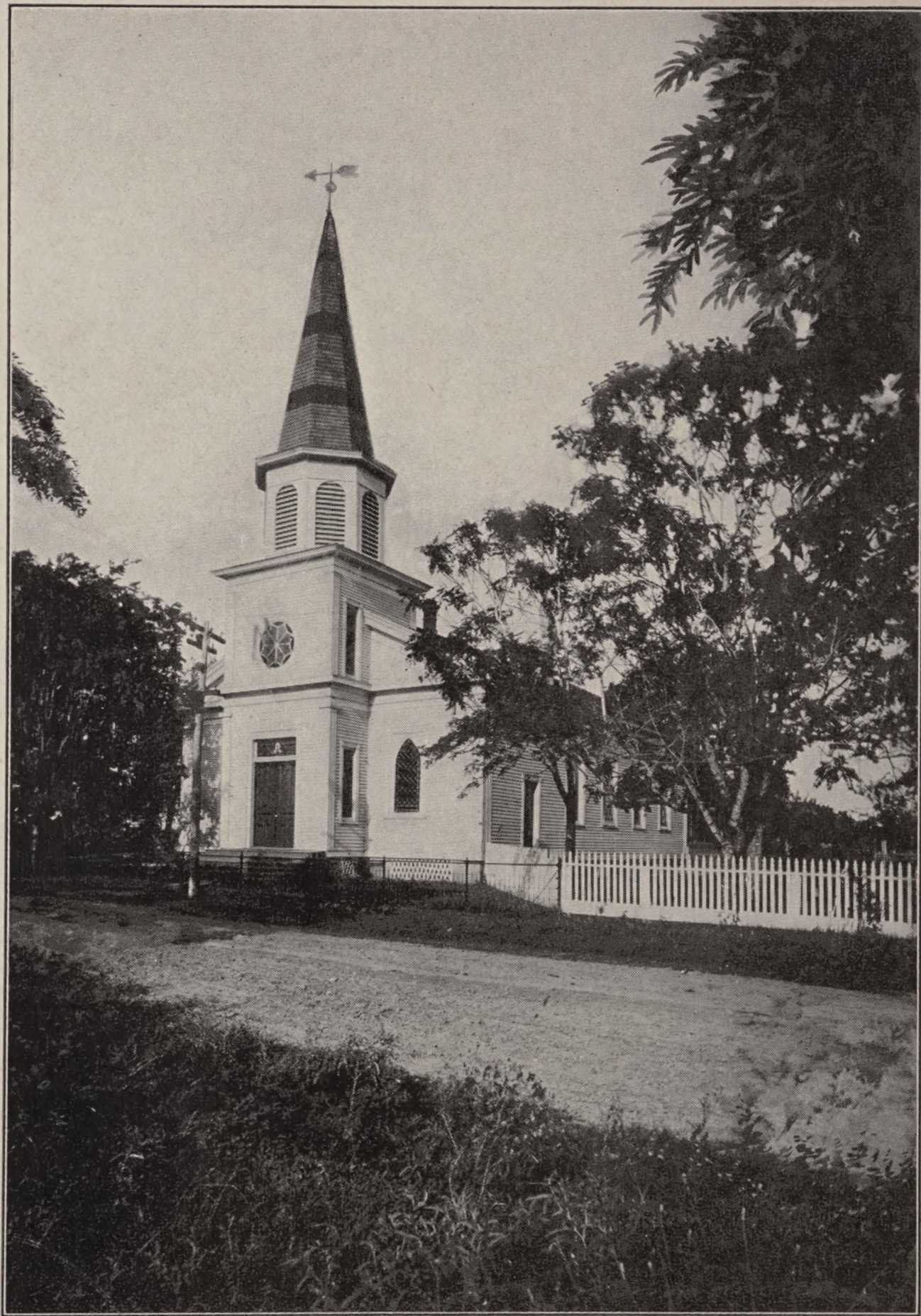
These have been the clouds that dimmed the sunshine of our lives, but even they were not without their silver lining. There are kindred spirits we might never have known, had they not found us through the channel of suffering. In our hours of bereavement many friends held out to us the hand of tender sympathy. One who had herself drunk deep of sorrow's cup, has walked all the years with us in joy and in sorrow, as friend, as sister, as dear "Aunt Molly" to our children, and we still journey together toward the home beyond, where we shall enjoy more and more the friendship that has meant so much to us here.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD CHURCH.

I HAVE referred in a former chapter to the Hopewell Presbyterian Church that was so dear to my childhood and early life. There is another church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South of Bastrop, that is very tenderly associated with my married life.

Several years after our marriage, I united by letter from my pastor, Rev. Dr. R. K. Smoot, of the Southern Presbyterian Church of Austin, Texas, with this Methodist Church of Bastrop, whose pastor then was Rev. E. S. Smith. I did not love the church of my father less, but my husband had long been an active and useful member of the Methodist Church, and we wished to be united in all things that pertained to family life and that would establish in the hearts of our children a firm faith in the unity of Christian love and activity, and save them from disturbing doubts as to which church was best, father's or mother's. They really teach the same vital truth and differ only in minor points of doctrine and modes of worship. Our children have been brought up in this church, baptized at its altar and are all members of its communion, which is a great comfort to me. The same little christening robe with baby's skirt, made from my wedding dress, has been worn by each of our children and grandchildren



METHODIST CHURCH
Bastrop, Texas



CHRISTENING ROBE

at baptism, and is as dear to us as was the little dress that James Barrie's mother, Margaret Ogilvie, held so tenderly in her dying clasp, because it seemed to her the embodiment of her children who had worn it when she dedicated them to God.

Very tender memories are treasured in the recollections of this ancient church; for more than three quarters of a century, the massive bell in its tall steeple has sent forth its loud, clear call to the people to come and worship. The interior is solemn and beautiful in its old-time simplicity. Encircling one of its chief windows were long ago, the words "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," thus preaching the gospel of love to all who entered its doors. Sometimes its walls have echoed the mournful notes of the funeral dirge, and often they have resounded with the glad strains of the wedding march.

My husband and I have sat in our family pew in this church Sabbath after Sabbath for nearly fifty years, and watched the sunlight fall from the stained glass windows upon the worshipping congregation, and as the happy voices united in one grand anthem of sacred song, we have felt like it was one of the gates of heaven and through its shining courts might be seen the Paradise of God.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE-WORK.

THE intervening years between our marriage and the present time have none of them been idle. They have been filled with useful work. Every man and woman rearing a family in a community has a duty to perform towards the social, the intellectual, the religious life of that community; they should assist in maintaining that high standard of living that gives the best to old and young,—tone and dignity as well as joy and pleasure to all forms of entertainment, and cultivates that beautiful hospitality so characteristic of the South.

My husband found his books and clients, his home, his family and church, sufficient to fill his life with work and sweet content. We surrounded our children with helpful influences, books, music, cheerful companionship, and a happy home life. I was a busy mother and home-maker, when our children were young. When they were older and not so dependent on my personal attention, I took part in club work, and found much interest in organizations whose objects were beneficial to me in many ways. I owe much to them, as they have helped me to be a better wife,



OUR PRESENT HOME
Built in 1888

a wiser mother, a more intelligent worker in the home, the church and the community.

We have not accomplished all that we desired, but one thing we planned for and worked for from the first, was the possession of a commodious and comfortable home, in which to rear our children, a home they would love and enjoy, and we have not been disappointed in that. A few years ago my husband and I had what we called our "bridal tour," spending some weeks in delightful travel.

For several summers we have sought rest or change and recreation among the mountains of Colorado and other western States. We have enjoyed the health-giving climate and wonderful scenic beauty of these places, but we have always turned our faces homeward with joy, for in our own home were centered all our work, our interests, and our happiness.

I think the best days of our life have been when we could hear the sound of little feet going up and down the stairs, running from room to room, the echo of merry voices in the halls and galleries, and the happy laugh of boys and girls as they ran after old "Don," and played hide and seek around the house; and now we are happiest when these children come with their own little ones—our grandchildren—and fill the empty rooms and make the halls again resound with mirth and music. The heated season drives them from their city homes to the cool shade of the pecan and the elms, and the soft grassy lawns at the old home. One of the

greatest pleasures is to see "Wardie," our faithful old colored servant, who for twenty years has served us so well, carry the children in his arms and on his shoulders, to the watermelon patch, the barn, to town and to the woods, having no end of fun with them rollicking on the shady lawn.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TIES THAT BIND.

OUR children are all home lovers. As they have gone out from the roof that sheltered their childhood they have made for themselves good homes, beautiful within and without with books and pictures, music and flowers, and filled with the gladness of children's voices. They love their new homes, but they are always glad to come back for a visit to the old place where a warm welcome awaits them. From her childhood, Kate has been so bright and joyous, so full of life and love that her very presence makes you glad; she is the happy wife of Judge Thos. L. McCullough, of Waco, one of Nature's noblemen. Their son, Orgain, a fine youth of sixteen, little Kate, a pretty brunette of eleven years, and Drusilla, a sweet child of seven, give their fond parents much to live for and much to hope for in the future.

Clinton was always a thoughtful boy, and grew up a gentle, tender hearted man. He is far away now, and mother misses her loving son, but his devoted wife, Bessie Percy, and their dear little music box, Bessie Clinton, makes life sweet to him and home happy wherever it may be.

Our son, Will, never fails us; so thoughtful, so ready

to answer any call; he always "wanted to be like Papa, on the right side of everything." He followed him in the choice of a profession, and while studying law at the State University, he met sweet May Bolinger, and persuaded her to form a life partnership with him. They are very happy with their growing family, B. D., Jr., a fine little fellow, Allie May, so bright and happy and self reliant, and last but not least beloved, little John Clinton, the image of his father.

Dru, our third daughter, so gentle and dependent, was early called to "Pass under the Rod"—being bereft of her devoted husband, Andrew Lee Fiser, within four years after their happy marriage. Since that time, she and her dear little son, Andrew Lee, Jr., have daily added to the pleasure of our old age by their presence in our home.

Elbert, our youngest son, the beloved child of our old age, is a big, happy, busy man with as warm a heart as throbs in any breast. He and his dear wife, Louise Nichols, are in their own beautiful home quite near us. They come often to "look after" us and show us how the baby is growing. This dear little fellow, Franklin Darby, is the latest addition to our large and happy family, and although the ninth grandchild, his fond parents think him the finest of them all.



KATE ORGAIN McCULLOUGH
Aged 42 years



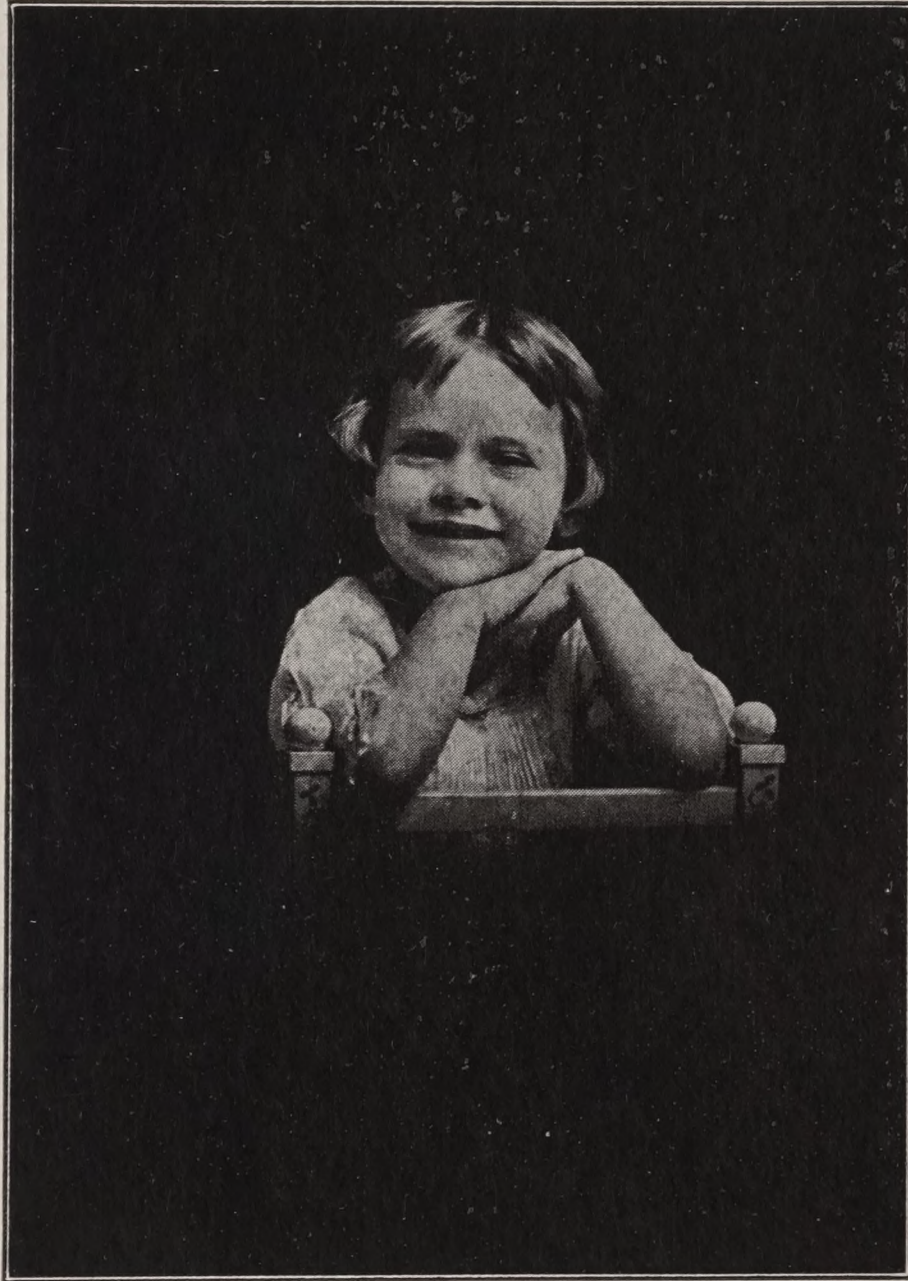
JUDGE THOMAS L. McCULLOUGH
Waco, Texas



ORGAIN EDWARD McCULLOUGH
Aged 18 years



LITTLE KATE McCULLOUGH
Aged 13 years



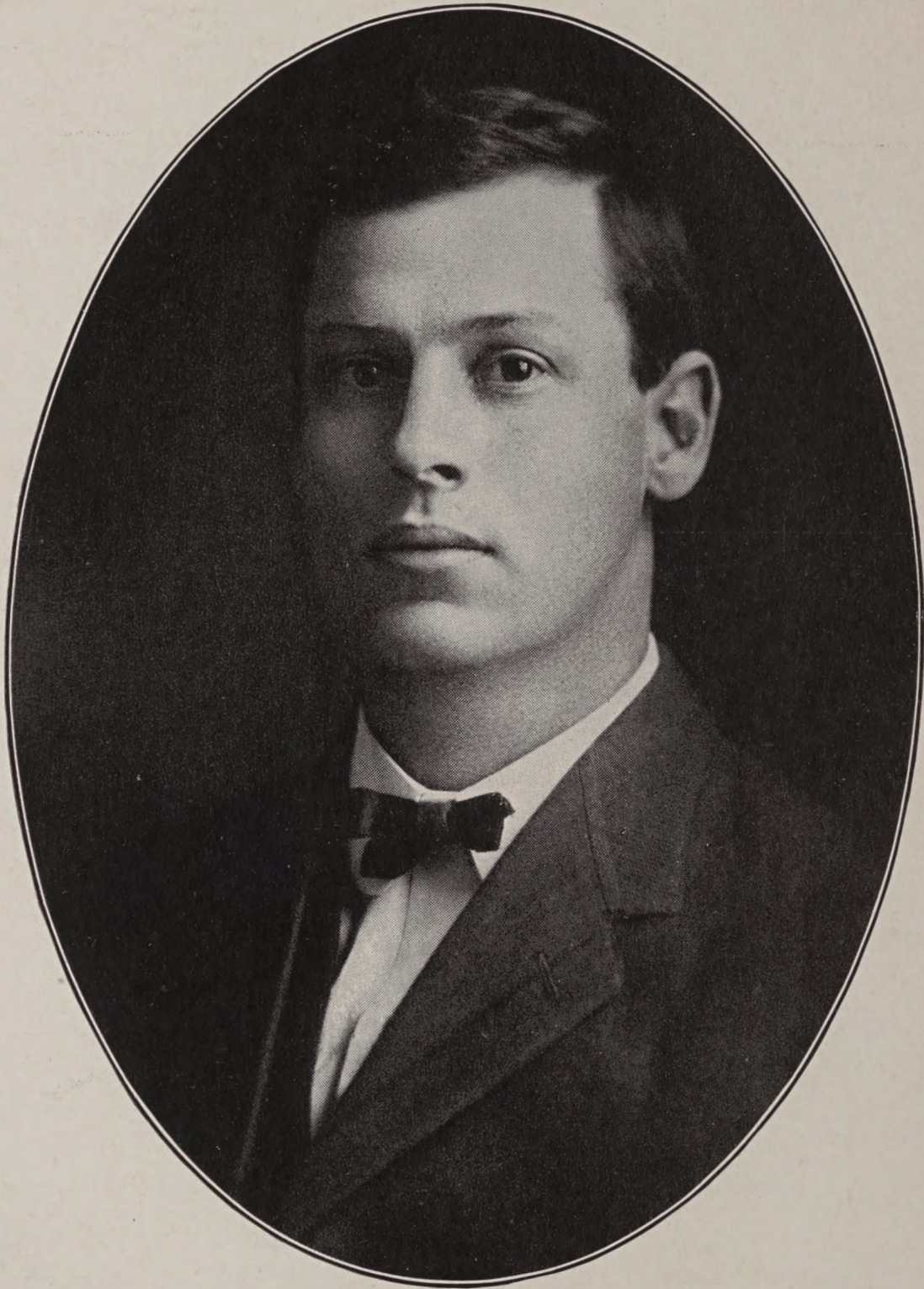
DRUSILLA McCULLOUGH
Aged 6 years



JAMES CLINTON ORGAIN



MRS. CLINTON ORGAIN and daughter, EESSIE CLINTON



WILL E. ORGAIN
Beaumont, Texas



MRS. WILL E. ORGAIN
ALLIE MAY ORGAIN B. D. ORGAIN, Jr.
Beaumont, Texas



JOHN CLINTON ORGAIN
21 months old



DRU ORGAIN FISER
ANDREW LEE FISER, Jr



ELBERT SAYERS ORGAIN



MRS. ELBERT SAYERS ORGAIN



FRANKLIN DARBY ORGAIN
Aged 9 months

CHAPTER XV.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

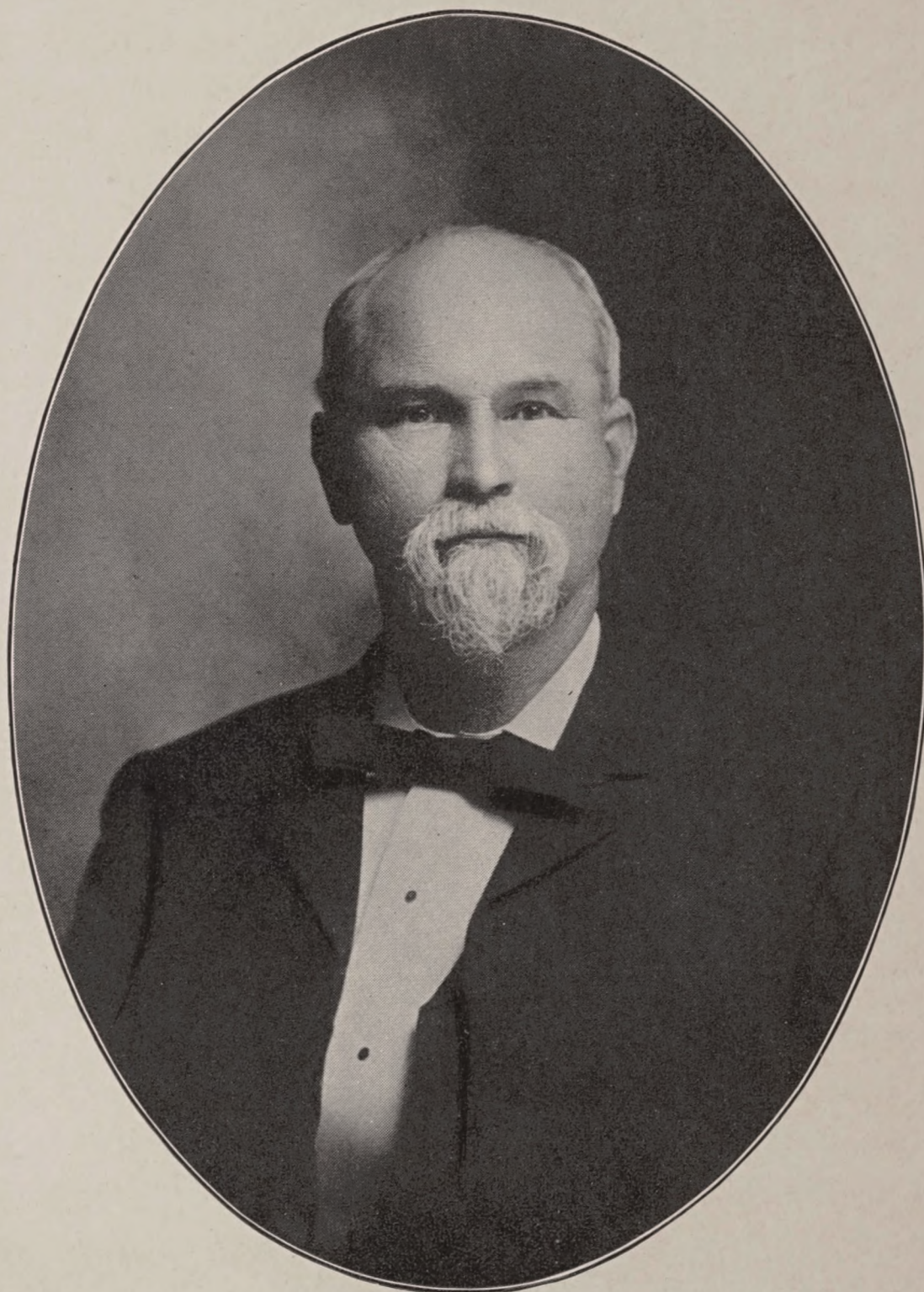
NEXT to the Invisible Presence that has been and will be our Stay and Comfort for all time, these children and grandchildren are the joy of our declining years. They make life worth living even amid the gathering shades of a fast coming night, and it is for them these rambling words are written. They are not for the critic's eye, they have no rhetorical graces, no literary excellence,—they are a simple expression of some personal recollections of my life, that I leave for my children, because after I have passed away, I wish them to know how I have loved this beautiful world and all it holds dear to me.

I have loved to live because of my husband, my children, my friends,—because of present joys and future hopes. From the day my mother died and left me a lonely, sorrowing child, wondering what would become of me, God has watched over me; while the future looked dark and drear, He ordered my steps and made my path bright and safe. He brought unexpected opportunities, true friendship and constant affection to inspire hope and kindle faith. He sent to my heart a love that is better than life, stronger than death and lasting as eternity. He

made the Eventide fairer than the Dawn and crowned my little day with blessing.

My husband and I have walked together nearly half a century, and now when my cheek has lost its bloom, and my dear companion's step its vigor, the brightness has not vanished from our sky nor the beauty faded with the flight of years. We welcome life's closing day,—

*Twilight and evening bell and after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell when we embark.
For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear us far,
We hope to meet our Pilot face to face,
When we have crossed the bar.*



CAPT. BENJ. D. ORGAIN
Aged 70 years

GENEALOGY

THE FORNEY FAMILY

PETER FORNEY left his native country, France, in 1685, at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when he and other Huguenots sought in Alsace freedom from religious persecution. In Alsace he died, leaving a young son, Jacob. When this son was fourteen years of age he went to Amsterdam, and, after a few years there, sailed for America and settled in Pennsylvania, where he remained until his maturity, when he went back to Europe for a legacy which had been left him.

Returning home, on board the ship he met Maria Bergner, the daughter of a Huguenot family from Berne, Switzerland, on their way to America. These young people became much interested in each other, and the romantic attachment culminated in a happy marriage. Soon after their arrival in America Jacob Forney and his wife settled in North Carolina and reared a large family, their sons, Peter, Ephraim and Jacob, being loyal patriots and soldiers of the Revolution. Their daughter, Christine, married David Abernathy, one of the band of soldiers who captured Major André, of the British Army. These facts, except the last mentioned, are recorded in Wheeler's "History of North Carolina."

Christine Forney and David Abernathy were married about the year 1787.

Drusilla Young, daughter of David and Christine Abernathy, was born December 3, 1801, married James O. Alexander, March 8, 1821, and died August 26, 1830.

Susan Matilda, daughter of James O. and Drusilla Alexander, was born December 7, 1821, married James M. Johnston, September 22, 1840, and died April 22, 1853.

Drusilla, daughter of James M. and Susan M. Johnston, was born July 2, 1843, and was married December 27, 1870, to Capt. Benj. D. Orgain.

The ALEXANDER FAMILY

Hezekiah Alexander, born 1728 and died 1801.

Silas Alexander, son of Hezekiah, married Sallie Reese.

James O. Alexander, son of Silas, married Drusilla Abernathy.

Susan Alexander, daughter of James O. and his wife Drusilla, married James M. Johnston.

Drusilla, daughter of James M. Johnston and his wife Susan, married Capt. Benj. D. Orgain.

The BREVARD FAMILY

— Brevard, a Huguenot refugee, married Miss McKnitt.

Robert Brevard was son of this union. Elizabeth or

Betsy Brevard was daughter of Robert Brevard and married James Reese.

Sallie Reese, daughter of James and his wife Betsy Brevard, married Silas Alexander.

James O., son of Silas Alexander and his wife Sallie Reese, married Drusilla Abernathy.

Susan Matilda Alexander, daughter of James O. Alexander and his wife Drusilla, married James M. Johnston.

Drusilla, daughter of James M. Johnston and his wife Susan, married Capt. Benj. D. Orgain.

The JOHNSTON FAMILY

Richard Johnston, of North Carolina, married Elizabeth, known as "Betty" Wilson, whose father, Matthew Wilson, came from Ireland to North Carolina before the American Revolution.

John, son of Richard Johnston and his wife "Betty" Wilson, married Lucinda Paine.

James M., son of John Johnston and his wife Lucinda, married Susan Alexander.

Drusilla, daughter of James M. Johnston and his wife Susan, married Capt. Benj. D. Orgain.

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